Some Noted Men and Women

(Continued from page 12)

of all in this strange, eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion: sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." Fawcett paused, as-sumed his most comic smile, and added: Sans everything, including salary."

The house broke into real laughter, and the rest of us, watching nervously in the wings, knew that our comedian was master of the situation. He went on in a humorous speech, in which he remarked that Miss Jewett had sung "Waiting" because she had been waiting so long in Galveston; that Miss Nunez had sung The Old Folks at Home" because away down here in Texas she had been home sick, and lastly, that he had recited 'Seven Ages" because it had seemed at least seven ages since he had been in Galveston. At the end he said: "And now, boys, we are going to say good-night. We've done our best, and on the whole you haven't treated us so badly. I believe that you are good fellows, after all, and you would find that we are if you knew us better. The next time any of you run over to New-York, just look up Owen Fawcett, and you'll see the town in proper shape.'

There was a great burst of applause Owen bowed and made his escape quickly to the wings. James Hardie then sang delightfully. Finally the orchestra swung into a lively air, and the curtain slid down.

Behind the scenes we showered gratitude and congratulations on all those who had taken part in the concert, and had been equal to the emergency. Then the artists made hasty changes in their dressing-rooms, and we made our way to the hotel.

It was not long afterward that we were safe on Broadway.

This was not the only occasion upon which I failed to find the "Sunny South" entirely benign. Once in New-Orleans, when the code of honor was still to some extent in vogue there, I was challenged to a duel. Our play was "Antony and Cleopatra," with Frederick Warde and Rose Eytinge in the name parts. One night, in the strong scene in which Cleopatra falls into Antony's arms when he returns from the wars, I happened to be occupying a seat, and at the dramatic moment just before the end of the act, when the house was hushed, I had my sensibilities rudely jarred by a robust laugh, which came from just behind me.

At the fall of the curtain I turned and informed the man whom I knew to be guilty of the breach that if he didn't know how to behave himself in the theater he had better leave it.

With this I left my seat and went into the lobby, where I joined General Beauregard, famous for his services on the Confederate side in the Civil War, and Nat Burbank of "The New-Orleans Picavune." To my surprise, I saw that the man to whom I had spoken, accompanied by two others, was close behind.

"Sir, you have insulted me!" he hissed with a French accent. "I will fight you, Select your second. This gentleman will act for me. Let the meeting be arranged at once." He held out his card.

I took it, tore it in two and threw it at his feet, at the same time turning my back on him. I heard a slight scuffle, and glancing around saw that my French enemy, speechless with rage, was straining in the grasp of his friends to get at me.

Come, Morrissey," exclaimed General Beauregard, catching me by the arm, nis is serious. You must from here. Your fire-eating friend will try to shoot you."

We took seats in the café, and out of the corner of my eye I saw the Frenchmen lead their infuriated countryman out through the main entrance. The General and Burbank appeared grave.

"I think you will have to fight him." said the former, eving me critically. "Are you a pretty good marksman?"
"Oh, nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I'm

from New-York." "I know," the General answered: "but now you are in New-Orleans. He's of



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one of the best families, and your tearing up his card was a deadly insult. He won't rest till it's avenged with swords or pistols. It's the code among gentlemen down here, and unless you accept his challenge you had better leave town to-morrow morning."

I wiped my fevered brow, and informed the General that I would leave the case all to him

"I suppose I may assume then," he remarked, "that I am your second. Very well. If you will excuse me I shall confer at once with the other side. The early morning is the usual time. The weapons we can discuss a little later.'

General Beauregard was gone a full half-hour, and in the interval Burbank entertained me with tales of duels of the past, in which much blood was shed.

"You had better choose pistols, Mor-rissey," he advised me, "because your antagonist is an expert with the swordand yet, come to think of it, he's said to be excellent with the pistol too. But he'll be so angry that you may be able to hit him first. Don't try to spare him, because he won't be so considerate. These things are hushed up down here. There is simply a quiet funeral."

I thanked Burbank for his kind en-

couragement and advice; but I didn't like his manner. There was a gleam of pleasure in his eyes that I thought was in the worst of taste on this occasion.

Suddenly General Beauregard's form loomed in the doorway, and behind him was the man who wanted my life, accompanied by his two companions.

"The meeting-place has been ar-ranged," announced the General when he reached the table. "It is to be right here and now. Mr. Morrissey, permit me to present Messieurs Blank and Blank and Blank. They have assured me that the laugh was unintentional, and I assured them that you, as the manager of the company, was prompted only by a sense of duty. Sit down, gentlemen, and let us have supper. I had no intention from the start of permitting you gentlemen to fight a duel. I suppose, Mr. Morrissey, that Mr. Burbank has reassured you during my absence."

The latter began to laugh, and the General joined him. I saw then for the first time that the two had been playing a kind of grim joke on me. A little later we adjourned to the Varieties Club.

There was another time, in a Western city, when my friends told me that I would be a target for gun-play if I wasn't careful. I was business manager for the concert tour of Sarasate, the famous violinist, and D'Albert, who was almost equally well-known as a pianist, and one night two cow-boys in the complete outfit of the plains-slouch hats, cartridge belts and high-heeled boots with spurs-rode up to the theater entrance. The concert was half-over and the boxoffice closed, but they swaggered up to the window, and one of them said:

"Say, pardner, we want to see 'The Brass Monkey.' Is this it? "No," I answered, "that's down the

street; but we have something here that's a hundred times better-the finest music in the world."
"Well, we'll take your word for it,

and buy the chips. Pass 'em out."
"Say, Morrissey," exclaimed the house
manager when they had gone in, "this is not the kind of entertainment those fellows are looking for. They'll be pretty sore on you when they come out, and as their kind pretty nearly own this town Ensures that complete rest to body, when they come in from the ranges, when they come in from the ranges, they're likely to try a little targetpractice around your feet."

I laughed at this, and was standing in the lobby when the last strains of the music died away. Suddenly I felt a thump on the back and heard the loud voice of one of the cow-boys in my ear.

"Say, pard, we'd started to take in 'The Brass Monkey,' but your show is good enough for us. Thunderin' Moses! but that fellow could make his fiddle talk. We couldn't get him out to a ranch dance, could we? No? Well, we're much obliged anyway."

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